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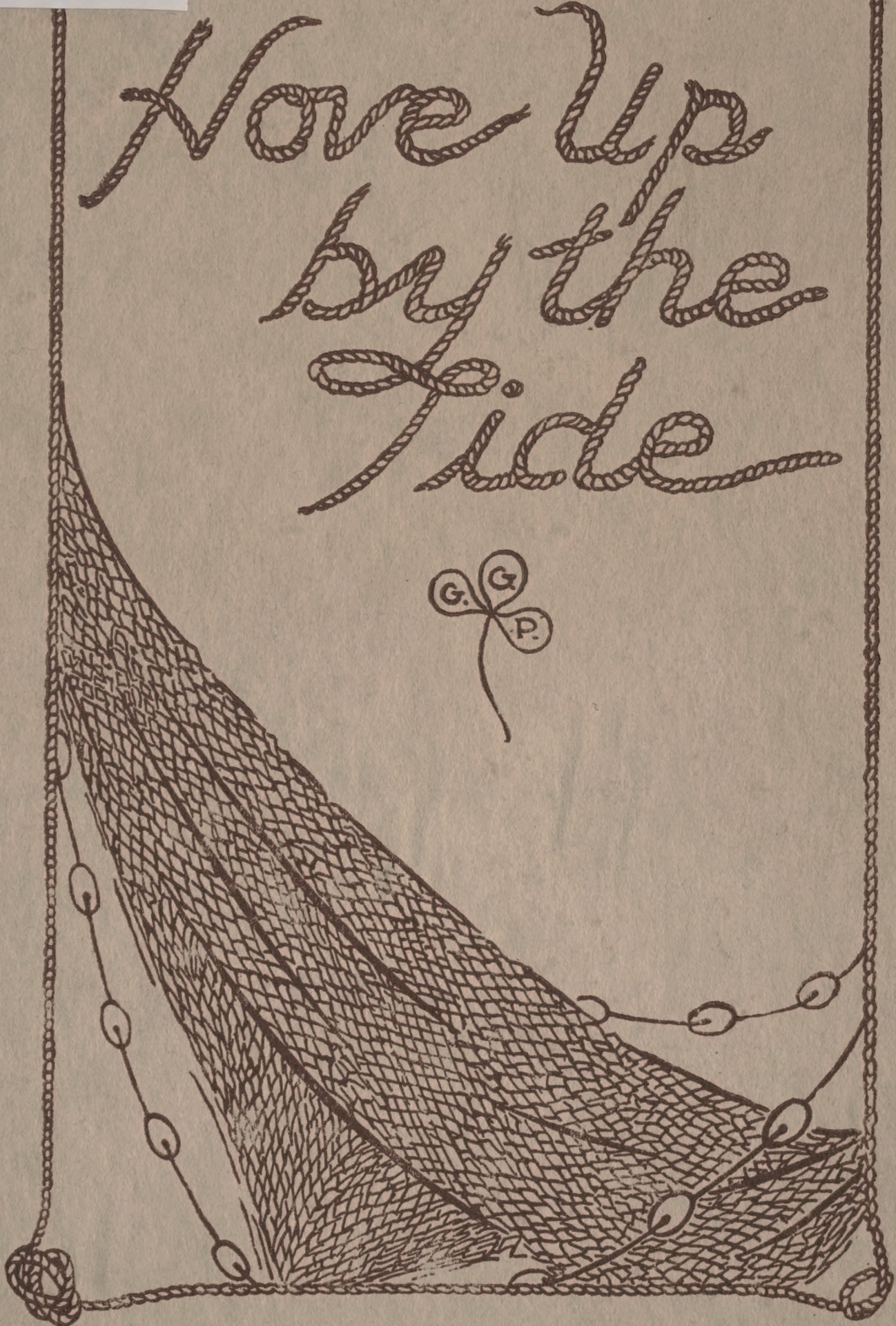
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Hove Up by the Tide





THE SKIPPER'S FLEET

# HOVE UP BY THE TIDE

BY  
G. G. P. Richard

PORTLAND  
SMITH & SALE  
1917



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# The Farmhouse





## THE FARMHOUSE

OUR island is one of the rare spots in the bay; there isn't another like it. Near enough to civilization to be livable and yet far enough away to make life as simple as need be. Our neighbors are the real kind that care, and for whom we have a sincere affection.

In the first days of our going to the island there was only one farmhouse on our end of it; a big weather beaten affair in which lived a large family of ever increasing size. Their surname was Toothacre.

We well remember those early days when we used to start down the bay in an old sail boat, the happiest family in the world. Just off the point, we would signal the farmhouse, for the Toothacres would be looking for us, and out of the house would tumble—such an array of youngsters of all imaginable ages, looking like an advertisement of “Kiddies, Assorted Sizes.” Down the embankment

they would fly, leaving their parents to make a more dignified descent. As soon as we were within hailing distance, the oldest boy, he of uncertain brilliancy, would shout, not one year but every year, "Hello! Glad to see you! The cat's hed kittens, the hen's hed chickens, the cow's hed a calf, and Ma's hed a baby." We always knew what was coming and our boys began as soon as we cited the point, "The cat's hed kittens, the hen's hed chickens, the cow's hed a calf, and Ma's hed a baby." Every summer the facts were of the same importance, news was scarce in the winter months. We would have been real disappointed if each year had not brought the proper increase.

Mamie Jane, one of the Toothacre's small girls, was so bashful we didn't dare speak to her for fear of frightening her to death. Her oldest sister works in Bangor, and on one occasion when she came down on a visit she brought Mamie Jane a pair of silk mitts. It was at this time the Zionists were having camp-

meetings on one of the other islands, and we used to go over by the motorboat full. One of the girls decided to go over and take Mamie Jane with her to the meeting, so Mother Toothacre dressed Mamie Jane all up as nice as could be,—mitts and all. She started off feeling as if she were made, but praying nobody would speak to her. Being the only little girl there everybody said, "Hello! Mamie Jane." Each one who spoke to her, scared her so that she took a chew out of her mitts,—and she was so proud of them, too.

Will you believe me, when she got home, there wasn't a thing left of those mitts, and she was worn out, all on account of their saying, "Hello! Mamie Jane."

Two of the Toothacre boys, Henry and Ray, were regular mischiefs. A good looking apple-tree was too much for them, *seeing* must be *having*. One of our neighbors, Sophie, had some grand apple trees, just weighed down with big red apples in the season. She had told them

if they dared to "tech" them, she would "whale the life" out of them. One day, they thought she was away, so Henry stationed himself at the foot of the tree, and Ray climbed it and was filling his pockets. All of a sudden, they heard Sophie coming,—and when Sophie starts coming she's there before you have time to think what you're going to do when she does come. Henry, a fat little chap, ran as fast as two legs could carry him. He and Ray have an agreement that he shall always begin to run whether he needs to or not, for fear he *might* need to and not get started. So Henry ran, but Ray didn't have time to get down,—so there he was! Sophie began to tell what she was going to do to him, all the time she was taking hold of his pants and pulling. He is kind of slim and he didn't much like to risk what she might do, so he wriggled out of his pants and flew for the woods.

Now it isn't the customary thing for small boys even, to stroll down the road in shirt alone, so Sophie rather had it on

them. They stayed in the woods till dark, and at last, Henry, looking very white, went over to Sophie's house and promised to insure her trees against Ray and himself, for Ray's pants. Sophie thought they had been punished enough; so she gave the pants to Henry. She said she "most bust out laffin', he looked so dejected,"—and a fat boy with a sad look, is the funniest thing in the world.



Sophie





## SOPHIE

**D**IDN'T I tell you who Sophie is? She is Dan Ludlow's daughter; and my black-eyed neighbor—a neighbor to be proud of—the kind you find sitting down at nine o'clock in the morning. Before we are up, Sophie has done a day's work—washing, odd chores, big baking, and now is ready to slap her iron over a big ironing.

You don't live where there are such smart women,—I don't, except in the summer. I go over often, for I am interested in all the happenings of the winter, and Sophie can give me a real account of them. “What kind of a winter have you had?” I ask.

“Well, between them folks that ought to hev died an' didn't, an' them folks that shouldn't hev died an' did, I've hed an awful busy winter. I thought I'd never get off the island to visit my mother on the mainland.

“You know them Nevinses? He come over one day an’ sed his wife was sick,—she hed always been one of them kind that pulled herself into her shell an’ hung there. Of course, I hustled right along over there.” (Of course, Sophie did, for a kinder soul never lived.)

“Things were pretty bad; what does men folks know about takin’ care of sick folks? I did all I could, fixed her up as if she hed been my own mother. Mrs. Nevins has some daughters down Boston way, an’ believe me, they think they know all Boston full. Of course, when they knew the old lady was sick, they come, though they hed made themselves mighty scarce when the old lady was well. Sometimes, I think the more learnin’ folks hev, the less real human feelin’ they show their folks. But one thing those girls didn’t know was this, that if the old lady died, she hed to be laid out. The mornin’ she died,—she knew well enough she was goin’ to pass on,—she sez real faint like, ‘You hed better send for Sophie.’ So they come for me, an’ I

went over. After she hed breathed her last, I sez to Mandy, her daughter, 'She's got to be laid out.' She sez real nippin', 'Ain't there an undertaker?' That riled me, I sez, 'Mandy, don't put on airs to me; you was raised on this island as much as I was. When did you ever hear of an undertaker around these parts? Jest because you don't know how to lay your poor mother out, don't be so upity, I do know how an' I will.'

"So we fixed the body up all nice, an' she made a handsome corp, if I do say so. Then I sez to Mandy, 'We've got to hev two boards to lay her out on.' Mandy sez, 'Don't ask father, he'd feel bad.' The folks was all settin' roun' in the settin' room, mournin', so I sez to her, 'Perhaps we could find two boards suitable up in the attic chamber.' We took up a couple an' after the old lady was laid out on them, I sez, 'Mandy, we ought to take this beddin' somewheres.' So we thought of the attic chamber again; but that poor thing fergit she hed took up the boards, an' what she do

but put her foot right through the plasterin', an' there was her leg ahangin' right down among the mourners. She sez 'Sophie, don't you laff.' I sez, 'Mandy, I'd laff if you hed killed yourself.' We hed an awful time gettin' her leg up.

"They asked me to run the funeral but I said, 'No, I'd get someone,'—for someone hed ought to run it. I found out they hed gone an' hired a man to haul the coffin over from the boat, an' they hed been tax-payers as long as anybody an' hed jest as good a right to hev their casket hauled as anyone. I asked Asa Perkins if he'd run the funeral, an' I s'posed he'd tend to it, but when I got there there wasn't a soul in charge. Asa said he couldn't find anybody with gumption enough to run a funeral on the island, an' he was so troubled with rheumatiz himself, he wasn't able. I went out an' asked Nat Doane, he that drives the hearse, he said he couldn't 'cause the hearse horse was too frisky to leave. If I didn't hev to run that funeral, call off the mourners an' all!"

No one knows better than I do that it was well done if left in Sophie's capable hands.



## The Old Captain





## THE OLD CAPTAIN

OLD Captain Lane wasn't crazy about his wife's family. Queer isn't it, how often this happens? If Grandma Lane,—we all call her Grandma,—had been over-vigorous in her efficient management, he'd get out back of the fish house and whistle defiantly, whittling like mad, or maybe shocking clams as if for a regiment. And if you happened by and were a sympathetic listener, he would begin, "Funny, ain't it, about folks?" He never said one unkind word about Grandma Lane, but "folks" is kind of general, now isn't it? "Funny about folks."

"Grandma Lane's father was a peculiar man, real sort of sissified, my pa told me. Jonsie Loud was his name (my wife's name was Loud before we was hitched). When he an' pa was boys together, Fourth of July was a *reg'lar day*, more'n Christmas even. The boys would save

an' save for the day, an' they'd all chip in together an' buy the doggondest loudest lot of stuff that ever was. Wal, I guessed it was most a point of honor with 'em to put in every cent they could scratch.

"Wal, now what did Jonsie Loud do, come the Fourth, but take his quarter an' go buy him some Cologney water to tract 'tention of the girls at the John Brown's party on Fourth o' July night. Wal, he got himself up like a full-rigged ship under sail, jest irregardless, an' he was some soaked with the Cologney water. The gals hed hern tell o' his meanness an' they never sed a word. He got madder an' madder 'cause the girls didn't say nothin' 'bout his stylish smell, so, at last, he sez, kind o' haughty like, 'Ef you girls happen to smell anythin', it's me.' He got all the 'tention he wanted right off, 'cause one o' the girls sez, 'I seem to smell a bit o' pork fryin'.' "

The old captain grew pleasanter and pleasanter as the story progressed; and his merry chuckle at Jonsie Loud's dis-

comfiture made his voice very cheery when Grandma Lane called out the back door, "Pa, I want you." "Yes, Ma, I want you, too," he replied.



Squire Doolittle





## SQUIRE DOOLITTLE

THERE is a lawyer on our island, a clean, kindly soul, keen of wit and generous of heart. One famous town meeting, I am told, the question of buying a real dressy hearse was under discussion. The argument waxed fast and furious between Squire Doolittle and the town clerk. Both of these had passed the threescore year and ten milestone a wee bit; but, in the heat of the question under discussion, the town clerk went back in his mind to the time when the Squire was only Si Doolittle, the island school's mischief-maker, and he shouted, in a most unseemly manner, "Si Doolittle, you've got enough brass in your head to make a brass kettle." Quickly, oh, so quickly, came the response "And you, Job Hascomb, hev got enough sap in your head to fill it." It almost broke up the town meeting.

Speaking of the squire, I'll never forget when old Captain Hallet died. The old captain's widow was so close you scarcely liked to ask her for a drink of plain water for fear you'd get skimped on it. The squire sort of pitied her and tried to help her, and he had quite a time straightening out the captain's estate and effects. It took days of time and heaps of trouble; but at last, the squire had things in fairly ship-shape order and told the Widow Hallet he was all through.

She was a real "Victorian" weeper, so she sat there on the parlor sofa weeping and telling him how grateful she was, how he had been "most kinder 'n a brother." Toward the end of her "gratitudian," she said, 'Squire, I want to give you somethin' as a keepsake of the cap'n, somethin' real personal, you hev been so kind. I've thought a good deal, an' I've decided it ain't *worth* it's value with you, an' I'm goin' to make you a present of the cap'n's tooth brush. He's hed it most five years; an' I've seen him often of a Sunday mornin' a settin' by

the kitchen sink a cleanin' of his uppers an' his lowers. He never used it any other time. An' I don't know of a soul I'd ruther 'd hev it than you that has been so kind."



# Dick of the Island





## DICK OF THE ISLAND

**D**ID you ever see "Dick of the Island?"

He isn't a sailor lad or an old dog; he's the only horse on the island. Take off your hat to him; take my word for it, he is the most popular horse you ever heard of.

Being the only one of his kind, we view him with a feeling of awe. You city folks rush to the window if an elephant goes by, because there aren't many; so we rush to the window when someone cries that Dick is going by. For it may mean the doctor for a neighbor, or it may mean that swell guy none of us like because he doesn't fit in, has made up his mind to leave on the next boat.

Sometimes it means sadness,—Dick is going for the minister, for some island neighbor is getting ready for his last port. We wonder if old Dick knows how important he is.

We can all drive him, for it would be beneath his dignity to caper. We always have to take a book along with us, because the only way we can get anything resembling speed out of him is to bang a book on the bottom of the wagon.

We almost suspect Dick must have had aspirations in his youth,—so long ago,—to be a college mascot or something of the sort. Who can tell? But, like so many of us, he is doing his duty in the field he is called to labor in, and he could not have been more useful anywhere.

“Oh! Some may cheer for Black Beauty, and some to  
Nancy Hanks be true;  
But give us folks on the island, old Dick, between me  
and you.”

The New Preacher





## THE NEW PREACHER

THERE 'S a new preacher on the island since we were here last year. He is young and it's his first parish. He has the love of God in his heart and a joyful enthusiasm, a gladness for the opportunity at last to see his theories put into practice.

On the island we have a fine burying-ground with an iron fence all around it. Altogether, it is a most self-respecting cemetery; however, we don't call it that; it is just the burying-ground. The grass doesn't grow as it ought to there, for you see we don't go in much for lawns on the island. In summer, we are too busy fishing, and in winter, there isn't a chance. This preacher must have lived where they were interested in that sort of thing. We hadn't ever soiled our island with the vile smell of fertilizer, that, on the mainland, is smelt to the smellers' confusion. So, wishing to surprise us and beautify the burying-

ground, it being next to the church, he put on some fertilizer.

Now Cyrus Doolittle had been buried a week back. Well, the first thing we knew, when the neighbors began to go by that burying-ground, such a smell as never was, met their noses (we don't have nostrils on the island. No one ought to have, anywhere plain nose is good enough and always has been.) What could it be? It was awful!

At last we came to the conclusion, Sh—It must be Cy Doolittle—that he wasn't buried deep enough. How ever could we tell the family? We got together after church in solemn groups; at last, we thought best to get the preacher to tell Cy's folks. You ought to have seen his face! I guess he felt kind of bad, along of his wanting to surprise us with the lawn. He had to tell us that it was the fertilizer that smelt. Weren't we relieved! You see none of us really hankered for the job of telling the Doolittle boys that their father wasn't buried deep enough.

That makes me think, we have a sewing circle on the island and if you happen to be new, you get talked about, good and plenty. If *you* happen to be new, take my advice, join right away, go first and stay 'til the last.

The minister has just been married. She is a nice little thing; they say she has a college education. We don't know anything about her, but we are hoping someone will come here from her home town; then I guess we'll find out something about her, "If those that's used to pumpin' take hold as they ought." She wears a pin, always; it has P. X. on it and that's all. How we puzzled over it; of course, we don't know anything about her before she came here to the island, but we've about made up our minds it's the initials of her maiden name; but what her maiden name may have been puzzles us.



## Our Skipper





## OUR SKIPPER

WE had a boat one summer, the skipper of which was a typical fisherman and a good friend of ours.

We were coming down the Sound right into a beautiful sunset. I had been silent some time; but it isn't nice to be silent for long, as it seems stuck-up.

My friend had followed the sea all the days of his life; but he had not married, which is a bit unusual among our island folk. At last I voiced the wonder I had felt, by saying, "Captain, why didn't you marry? Surely you are good looking enough."

"Wal, Miss Gould, it do seem funny and I don't believe I scarce know, myself. But you see I never hed but one girl an' those were the days I ust to come in the port of Boston. She was a pretty nice sort of girl an' a good-looker, too; always feel kind of 'shamed when I think of her; but p'raps when you hear all 'bout it,

you won't think it so strange, but kind of human-like.

"I'd been courtin' her 'bout every time I came in to Boston. Wal, this particler night, I took her to a dance; we didn't get back very early, an' bein' as it was some warm night, we set on the piazza until pretty late, an' jest 'bout time I was agoin' to leave, like a cussed fool, I up an' kissed her. I went home feelin' rather pleased with myself.

"'Bout evenin' the next day, the fellers what run the small-pox house called 'round an' wanted me to help take my girl of the night before, to the pest-house. I s'pose I'd ought to felt real sorry for the poor thing, but I was considerable taken up thinkin' how I'd look all pocked up with small-pox. I kind o' took it for a sign that the Lord didn't want me 'roun' kissin' girls, an' I never hev sence.

"I guess I'm so darned scart I dassent. That's why I never got married, 'cause, in our part of the world, kissin' goes with courtin'; and never again, for this old salt."

## On Our Wharf





## ON OUR WHARF

WE have two neighbors; one, the island tax collector, the other, the president of the Ladies' Aid.

Down at the wharf, waiting for the boat, we all get very chummy. We tell our secrets and we don't care who knows them, for we know there isn't any one within hearing distance who isn't vitally interested in all that interests us.

The tax collector was telling us how the "vegetable that was considered poison yesterday was et the next day." As he is very "deef," as we say on the island, it was said loud enough to be heard almost to the city, where they wouldn't have cared at all as we did.

Then the voice of the president of the Ladies' Aid was heard; she is "deef" too, so we could hear both sides of the conversation. In other places we often miss the other side. The president was reminiscing, "I shall never forget the first time I et tomatoes, I'd allers heard they

was poison and I believed it too. I was down to my darter's in the settie and a mess of tomatoes was brought in to the table (yes, she keeps hired help). My darter hed company; they passed to me, an' course I had to take some or show my ignorance. I got a piece in my mouth an' I sez to myself, 'Is this goin' up or down? If it goes up, what will my darter say, an' if it goes down, what will happen to me?' "

A rosy-cheeked friend then had the wharf, so to speak: "Do you remember Lizzie Anne, she that laid down on me all last summer?" We did. "The only time I got up to the city this winter,—you know I ain't given to gaddin' much,—I went up in the early boat so as to make a good day of it. Cy saw me off; he warn't fishin' that day. I shopped all the mornin', then 'bout 'leven o'clock I wandered along up to Lizzie Anne's, thinkin' I'd be some welcome along of her hangin' out here all summer.

"When I got there, I didn't see no welcome on the mat large enough so you

could see it when she opened the door; but I was so tired after shoppin' all the mornin', and tryin' to run acrost the street afore one of those squarkin' machines caught me, I sez to myself, 'She may hev neuralgy or a toothache, I'll set down a spell, an' at least, hev a bite, if I hev to git it myself.' Well, I set an' I set an' she didn't warm up a bit. Did she say anythin' about anythin' to eat? No sir! I set 'til most twelve o'clock an' I couldn't, in all manners, set there like a pauper, another minute; so I went to the Dairy Lunch an' treated myself to a ham sandwich."

We all knew Lizzie Anne; and we felt the slight for our friend.

Then Captain Haines spoke up, "I never did like the cut o' her jib, so I guess I ain't no jedge o' her. Whatever she did, if 'twas as right as rain, 'twouldn't look good to me; and this sartinly is about the doggondest thing I ever heard of. But, as I said, I guess I hedn't better jedge."

"Hev you seen the store-boy this

mornin'? I meant to left my order under the clam basket, out backen our shed door, afore I come down to the wharf. They say his name is Rogue, at least, they call him that over to the store."

"Kinder a takin' name, ain't it?" says our island wag, an old man with one leg lost years ago; *where*,—is a matter of the day and how he feels. Why always lose, even a leg, in the same place? It would only be tiresome, for, as it is, the where he lost it is dependent on the weather or any small accident of thought on his part.

"I don't believe that ere Rogue is bright," says an old lady. "I asked him tother day if he hed any hand soap, an' he sez, 'No, they ust to hev it, but the summer folks kep a buyin' it an' they couldn't keep any so they got tired orderin' it.' "

"Hev you seen Perkins lately, Uncle Job?" "No, I haint, and what's more I don't want to. Every time he sets eyes on me he takes holt my coat and hangs holt until you're plumb tired, makin' a

reg'lar trouble bucket of you. An' I fer one hate it. When I see him comin', I jest hike—some folks is handy as trouble buckets, but it haint in my line. For Heaven's sake, here comes Jabe,—what's he all churned up 'bout, the boat ain't even cited yet." And sure enough breezing down the wharf comes Jabe Bascomb just bristling with news. Breathlessly he tells us, "I jest hearn tell that Marther Tate is a widder and I thought you'd ought to know it, 'fore you started for the city."

"You don't say, Tom Tate's dead enough to bury at last," says Captain Ludlow. "I can remember well time we was all inlistin' as they be now. We was all ready to answer to our country's call. Tom Tate was a goin' to inlist as fast as anybody, we all knew him passin' well, so we kept our weather eye out. Speakin' as they do about pikers, Piker was his middle name. You could bet a basket o' clams to a pot o' lobsters when there was any real fightin' goin' on he was to the rear helpin' right smart around the

provision wagon. But I remember well when we come sailin' home, battle-scarred veterans, and a lookin' it, too; the folks was givin' us a real grand welcome, and at the prow of everythin' marched Tom Tate as big as Billy-be-darned, makin' the loudest noise of any of us. He hed all the girls by the ears a settin' roun' an' tellin' o' this big battle an' that, as if he hed planned them all. We boys knew he hed never seen service.

"Course as a neighbor I am willin' to dig an' haul at the buryin' " says Jabe, "but I'll be clam-chowdered as a Grand Army veteran as has a right to be, if I feel called upon to mourn." And we all agreed with our old friend.

Somehow down on the wharf, when we all sit round on old kegs or any other seat at all, there seems a nearness to each other's lives. We are glad that all the world isn't dollar seeking. But here where the winds blow free and there's a tang of salt in the air, where the fishermen still mend their nets as of old, we have an interest in each other's lives,

and as it was taught by the Friend of the fisherman—we try to love our neighbor as ourselves.











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